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THE GREEN CALDRON

A Magazine of Freshman Writing



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The committee in charge of this issue of THE GREEN CALDRON includes MARJORIE BROWN, HOWARD REUTER, ROBERT STEVENS, HARRIS WILSON, and GEORGE CONKIN, Chairman.



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Parachute Jump

ROBERT DORAN

Rhetoric 102, Theme 12

I HAD JUST SPENT THREE WEEKS OF THE HARDEST WORK in my whole life at the parachutist's school at Fort Benning, Georgia. During that time I had received intensive training in parachute packing and in every phase of parachute jumping. I was all ready for the fourth week of training in which I would make five parachute jumps.

At the time I attended the school, every step of the instruction, every piece of training equipment, and every action during a parachute jump had been developed to the greatest possible efficiency by the thousands of men who had gone before me.

When I volunteered for the paratroops, I hadn't thought of fear. I had thought of the fifty dollars a month extra pay, and I had thought of the excitement and prestige of being a paratrooper.

During my final week of training, I wasn't afraid—I was merely miserable. I had just finished Infantry Basic training, and I had thought I was in good physical condition. Somehow I survived that week, but my bones and muscles still ache when I remember the calisthenics and forced marches—an hour of calisthenics and two hours of marching every day. I had to drive myself to the very limit of physical endurance to keep up.

Besides the physical conditioning program, I was taught how to fall. I learned how to hit the ground and take up the impact with my legs and body without being hurt, but I collected a crop of bruises in the process.

The second week was somewhat easier. Calisthenics continued, but I was used to them by then. I learned how to control a parachute during descent. I also learned all the steps in leaving an airplane from full-size models of a C-47 fuselage. I can go back in my memory and hear the sergeant barking, "Stand up! Hook up! Stand to the door! Ready—go!"

The command "Hook up!" meant to fasten the safety catch on the end of the static line to an overhead cable that ran the length of the fuselage. The static line is a twenty-five foot piece of heavy canvas webbing attached to the back of a parachute pack. When a paratrooper jumps from a plane, the static line opens the parachute pack and pulls out the parachute. The plane is too close to the ground for a paratrooper to use a rip-cord and pilot chute such as are used on standard parachutes.

During the second week I also started classes in parachute packing. I had to pack my own parachute for the five training jumps I would make. I began to wonder, as the fatal day crept closer, but I wasn't too worried because that day was still somewhere in the future.

The third week was rough. On Monday morning I was introduced to a new torture device. It was a thirty-five foot wooden tower with a ladder

going up one side and a door on the other side. Parallel to the door-side was a cable attached to two poles about sixty feet apart. One end of the cable was higher than the door, and the other end sloped down, passing over a big pile of sawdust. Attached to the cable was a pulley with a cross bar beneath it to which was connected two long pieces of canvas webbing with iron rings on their lower ends.

All a student had to do was put on a standard parachute harness, with safety catches where the parachute shroud lines would normally be attached, climb the ladder to the top of the tower, clip the catches in the rings at the ends of the webbing coming down from the pulley, and step out the door.

The platoon lined up. I was the fifth man in line. The first man in line climbed the ladder. He walked over to the door and hooked up. He hesitated a moment when he received the command to go and then jumped. He fell halfway to the ground before the cable stopped him. He then coasted down the inclined cable and landed in the sawdust pile. The rip was brought back and the next man hooked up.

"That looks like fun," I said to myself.

Then it was my turn. I buckled on the harness and climbed the ladder. When I got to the top, I looked around. "It's funny," I thought, "but this tower didn't look this high when I was on the ground."

The rig came back. I moved briskly over to the door and hooked up. I received the command to go. I tensed my muscles—and froze. Fear hit me like a fist in the stomach. Again I received the command to go. I started forward and froze again. The third time I received the command. Desperately I closed my eyes and jumped. I felt myself falling, and then I felt a nasty jolt. I opened my eyes just in time to meet the sawdust pile.

During that day and the next I jumped from the tower thirty times. Those jumps were never fun. I could never rid myself of a twinge of fear just before I left that door.

Thursday, the class went to the parachute tower. This tower was two hundred fifty feet high with four cross arms at its top. Five steel cables dropped from each cross arm terminating in an iron ring twenty feet in diameter. Above the ring was a hook with a release mechanism. The apex of a special parachute was clipped to the hook, and a steel ring held the parachute out like a partially open umbrella.

My turn came to go up. I buckled on the regulation parachute harness. At a signal from the sergeant to the operator I started to rise. I reached the top of the tower, dangling beneath the parachute and wishing myself someplace on the ground. I looked down at the ground. That was too much for my nerves. I closed my eyes and prayed.

I felt myself being lifted several more feet, and then I heard the click of the release mechanism. For several seconds there was a sickening sensation of falling and then the parachute filled. I drifted down and away from the tower. I hit the ground easily, unbuckled my harness where I lay, got up, and helped carry the parachute back to the tower.

All during the third week I continued parachute packing classes. Friday afternoon, the equipment I would use the next week was issued to me: parachute and harness, reserve parachute, and a football helmet. I inspected both parachutes carefully for damage and then packed them just as carefully as possible. I was really worried by then.

I don't remember much about that week-end except that I was miserable. No matter how hard I tried to banish thoughts of fear and worry from my mind, they kept popping into my consciousness.

Monday morning—the big day had come at last—the day that I had been looking forward to with mingled feelings of dread and anticipation. I was going to make my final parachute jump.

The morning was beautiful. All the bright colors of spring seemed brighter and clearer than ever before. I had never seen the sky look so blue nor the trees and grass so green. The air was still. It was a perfect day for a parachute jump—and I wished it were raining. I was scared stiff.

I had breakfast with the rest of the fellows. None of us ate very much. We were far too nervous. Shortly after breakfast the whistle blew, and we formed ranks and marched down to the airport.

At the airport the jump-master took over. He was a master-sergeant who would be in charge of our group of twenty-four men during our little trip that day.

The sergeant gave us our final instructions. "You will make your first jumps in sticks of twelve men. You will jump on individual command. When each man moves into position in the door, I'll holler 'go' and give him a slap on the back. When you get that slap, take off. You'll be jumping from twelve-hundred feet. There's no ground wind and only a ten mile breeze upstairs. You're lucky. When I give the word, you'll pick up your 'chuter and get into them. You'll move out to the plane on command, climb in, take your seats, and fasten the safety belt. There'll be no smoking in the plane till after take off. Any questions?

"All right. We've got about a half-hour to wait. At rest. You can sit if you want to and smoke. But stay put." He walked away.

We sat and talked a little and smoked a lot. In what seemed like five minutes the sergeant was back. "All right, men, on your feet. Attention! Left face! Forward march."

We marched into the hanger. "Fall out and get your 'chutes." I picked up my parachute, climbed into the harness and buckled it up, put on the football helmet, and got back in rank.

The segeant came down the line checking each man's harness to see that it was properly adjusted. He made me readjust mine. When I buckled it back up, I felt as if I were in a strait jacket.

The airplanes, battered looking C-47 transports, were standing in line on the concrete apron in front of the hanger, their motors barely ticking over. At the command, we filed out and climbed into the plane, took our seats, and

fastened the safety belts. The sergeant climbed in and went forward to the pilot's compartment. We saw the plane on our left pull out, and then with a growl of plane motors we began to move, taxiing to the runway.

At the beginning of the runway, the pilot locked the plane's brakes and revved up the engines. The sound of the engines changed from a growl to a deafening roar, and the plane quivered and rocked. The engines subsided to a growl and then quickly rose to a louder and sharper growl. We were moving. I could feel the jolt as the plane's wheels crossed each joint in the concrete runway—bump, bump, bump, faster and faster.

Then the bumps stopped, and I twisted in my seat and looked out the window just in time to see the ground fall rapidly away. The plane went into a climbing turn, and the ground tilted to an impossible angle.

The plane leveled. The sergeant came back from up front. "O. K.," he said, "You can unfasten the safety belts and light up." I'd just finished my cigarette when the sergeant said, "Butts out. First stick stand by." I wasn't lucky; I was in the second stick.

The plane's motors lessened their roar. We were down to jump speed—one hundred miles an hour. "First stick, stand up! Hook up! Stand to the door!" Twelve times the slap on the back and the shout, "Ready—go!"

As I watched each man disappear through that door, leaving only the fluttering static lines behind, fear clamped tighter and tighter on my insides.

The first stick was gone. The plane picked up speed and began to circle for the next run over the jump field. During the circling I held out my hand before me. To my surprise it was steady; I had expected it to match my quivering nerves.

Again the plane's motors lowered their roar. We were slowing down. "Second stick, stand up! Hook up! Stand to the door!" I remembered that I was supposed to count, one thousand, two thousand, three thousand, when I left the door. If my parachute didn't open at the end of the three seconds taken by the count, I was to pull the rip cord on my reserve parachute and hope that it would open in time.

"Ready—go!" The first man vanished. "Ready—go!" The second man vanished. I was standing in the door. I heard the shout, "Ready—go!" in my ear and felt the slap on my back. I jumped, turning to the left and tucking my head down against my chest.

As I left the door, I started screaming my count with all the power of my lungs. "One thousand, two thousand, three thou . . ." A terrific shock almost tore me apart, and my parachute was open.

I looked up to check my parachute. Everything O. K. I looked around. In front and below me I could see the open parachutes of the two men who had jumped before me. To my left and right, some distance away, I could see other open parachutes drifting down in step formation.

I looked down and watched the ground rise to meet me. As I came close to the ground, I reached up and grasped the risers, four canvass webbing

straps going up from my shoulders to the parachute liner. I bent my knees and forced my body to relax. I closed my eyes so I wouldn't watch the ground and stiffen my legs.

There was a quick, hard jar, and I was lying on my back with my parachute settling over me. I'd made it. I was a paratrooper.

Still lying on the ground, I unbuckled my harness and crawled out from under the parachute. I stood up on shaking legs, rolled up my parachute and stuffed it into the bag I had brought for it.

Carrying the bag, I walked quickly to the edge of the field and to the truck that would carry me back to the barracks. It was ten o'clock in the morning, and I was very, very tired.

Terror!

OLGA EGGER

Rhetoric 101, Theme B

IT WAS ON JULY 13, 1944. FOUR OF US; HERTA, HEDI, HANSI, and I were returning home for a vacation from a camp where we had spent the summer of that year. We were on a train going from Bad Toelz to Munich, chattering as only girls can chatter.

Suddenly that innocent pleasure was rudely interrupted by the humming of airplanes overhead and the sounding of the warning siren. Never had this happened to us before, and at first we were dreadfully confused in our actions. Soon, however, we remembered instructions given to us by our parents for cases of such emergencies. We left the train which had come to a standstill and found ourselves in a huge meadow bordered in the distance by woods; for those woods we headed. But our twelve-year-old legs could not carry us fast enough, and soon the enemy airplanes were upon us, bombing the train and shooting at us with machine guns.

People yelled, mothers shrieked and cuddled their babies closer; then I saw the first bodies falling. Not touched by that scene too much, however, for I had seen dozens of bodies lying in the streets of Munich after an air raid, I ran on and on, stumbling, falling, and praying. Hansi and Hedi were before me, Herta behind.

Then Hansi fell. In my panic I did not realize what I was doing and tried to drag her along with me. Then I saw the bloody mass of her head and the blood streaming from her throat. I dropped her, scrambled on, but soon, exhausted, fell for the last time and lay there.

After hours of crouching in the grass and watching the enemy airplanes bomb and shoot, I went back to Hansi. But it was too late, for Hansi was dead.

I shall not describe the terror of the following events. I shall not even describe Hansi's funeral. I shall only say that I will never forget July 13, 1944.

Mr. Wilder and Our Teeth

KARL W. FUSS
Rhetoric 101, Theme 6

THORNTON WILDER PRESENTED TO THE FIRST-NIGHT-ers at New York's Plymouth Theatre a three-act comedy that nearly scandalized the theatrical world of 1942. Mr. Wilder, who had previously written *The Merchant of Yonkers*, a brilliant, standard comedy, and the Pulitzer Prize winning *Our Town*, had written a play summarizing the history of mankind. This play, a comedy named *The Skin of Our Teeth*, eventually won for him another Pulitzer Prize.

Mankind is represented in the play as the Antrobus family: George and Maggie; their children, Henry and Gladys; and their maid, Sabina. By showing how man has survived three great disasters; the ice age, the great flood, and a world war (the first, second, and third acts respectively), Mr. Wilder pays tribute to the indestructibility of the human race.

It is the manner in which this tribute is presented rather than the idea itself that scandalized the first audience. The manner of presentation, however, is the direct cause of the play's charm, originality, and greatness. The stage, during most of the production, is a bedlam. Actors get sick, sets fall down, and the star, Sabina, has a disconcerting habit of stopping proceedings whenever she feels like it. All these interruptions, besides having an hilarious effect, serve to emphasize the fact that the real play, the struggles of the Antrobuses, must not be taken seriously, for, after all, it is only life.

Mr. Wilder also uses the play as a vehicle for some biting jibes at people who take themselves too seriously. The theater itself is satirized by the slipshod production the play is apparently given. Throughout the play, there are many stinging lines such as this one of Sabina's in the last act. "He (Mr. Antrobus) says that now that war's over we'll all have to settle down and be perfect."

The author plays upon all the emotions during the course of the allegory but the scenes are as perfectly balanced and organized as those of Shakespeare. The audience has hardly got into the riotous exuberance of the opening scene of the second act (on the board-walk in Atlantic City), when it is plunged into an atmosphere of mystery and gloom by the appearance of the fortune-teller. These contrasts completely fill the structure of the play, but only in the last act does Mr. Wilder relinquish his good humor. In the last act Henry and his father have a terrifying fight. This fight symbolizes the fight between peace and war that mankind is always waging.

Despite this touch of seriousness, the play sums itself up in all its good-naturedness in Sabina's final speech: "This is where you came in. We have to go on for ages and ages yet. You go home. The end of this play isn't written yet. Mr. and Mrs. Antrobus? Their heads are full of plans and they're as confident as the day they first began,—and they told me to tell you: good night."

The Re-creation of a Historic Period

PATRICIA MALONE

Rhetoric 102, Theme 8

ESTHER FORBES IS AN AUTHORITY ON HISTORIC NEW England. This was demonstrated in her earlier novels, and her scholarly treatment of this period is very evident in *Paul Revere and the World He Lived In*. This is not only a biography of an artisan of the revolutionary day; but it is a re-creation of the environment in which he lived, and an authentic picture of his community, his country, and his contemporaries.

The author has produced a historically accurate book, well annotated and documented, and established, in so doing, her reputation as an excellent historian. But this is not the dry bones of history. She has drawn her characters as carefully as a novelist, yet this characterization is always based on accurate knowledge of the people as we find it in the diaries, letters, and records kept by this remarkably articulate generation. These people became, not the stilted figures of history, forever signing the Declaration or riding a black horse down the lanes toward Concord, but humanized and real. We finish the book with a genuine liking for most of the founding fathers to whom it introduces us.

The years before the American Revolution, as we know, were important years. In this book Esther Forbes traces the growing discontent which grew into a final fury, the American Revolution. And, through this mounting tension, moves the steady, tireless, and patriotic figure of Paul Revere who is, I believe, recognized for the first time as the man who directed the anti-British activity of the workingmen of Boston. But he never becomes the demi-god which we are prone to make of our heroes. With a never-failing humor and an attitude of personal liking for the man about whom she writes, Forbes presents him just as he must have been; a slightly stolid, calm, and tireless worker for something in which he believed. In all the sound and fury of this restless time, he stands out as the very essence of that rocklike strength which must underlie any successful upheaval of an existing social order.

In this book we find much more than the biography of a great American. Here is the whole kaleidoscopic picture of a brightly-colored period. The customs and habits of our ancestors are vividly and humorously reported by Esther Forbes. She demonstrates that she is an authority on the dress, customs, families, architecture, and society of this era. We meet the leading figures: the Hutchinsons, the Hancocks, and "that brace of Adamses."

There is evidence in this book of a great amount of historical research.

While Paul Revere is, of course, the central figure, a vast amount of detail is told of his relations with other famous men of the time. We are presented with minute and authentic sketches of James Otis, Joseph Warren, and Robert Newman, who hung the lanterns, and many, many more familiar people, who in this book become real to the reader.

All of this makes a very vivid and memorable four hundred and sixty-four pages of reading. Here is history at its most enjoyable—a perfect blend of storytelling and authenticity.

Thought and Imagination

LOUIS THEOFILOS

Rhetoric 101, Theme 11

ART HAS BEEN RIDICULED AND DISCOURAGED BY MAN since the beginning of time. This abuse was due, not merely to man's ignorance of art, but to the challenge it offered him. In general, he has been content with the shell of prejudice he has built around himself. He has been opposed to anything that would penetrate this shell and disturb his way of living.

Renaissance art, which was modern in its time, was not accepted by the masses who were contented with their tempo of living. It was accepted by the nobility and the clergy, for whom the artists painted, and was eventually forced upon the masses. Impressionism, the first real break from the traditional imitation of nature, met with the same fate. There were only a few people who accepted this new approach to art. Unfortunately, they did not have the power to force it upon the masses, who rejected Impressionism because it penetrated their shell and forced them to think. Impressionism, then, acted only as a base for abstract art; it was too weak in character and vitality to last.

Cubism, which began in 1908, possessed the vitality, energy, and inspiration that was lacking in Impressionism. The Cubist tried successfully to paint an object, not simply as it existed, but as he saw it. He broke down form into its basic elements in search for balance, measure, and spatial value in terms of the cube, cone, sphere, and cylinder. By so doing the Cubist has made Cubism the first conscientious movement toward abstraction.

Many artists have influenced the various movements in modern art. There were several outstanding artists in each movement. Among them were Seurat and Cezanne, Impressionists; and Picasso and Braque, Cubists. In my opinion these four pioneers contributed more than anyone else to modern art.

Seurat, who was influenced by the Impressionists, was the founder of Neo-Impressionism. He perfected the technique of the "spotty brush-stroke"

and "fine broken colors" of the Impressionists. In perfecting his technique, he used the six primary colors in light and dark tones and applied them as a series of dots. Seurat, who died in 1891, painted a half-dozen masterpieces. One of his most criticized paintings is *The Side Show*, which was finished in 1889. In this painting, Seurat, through the use of color, intersecting planes, and a simple scene, has captured the beauty, the excitement, and the warmth of the circus. He has used vivid figures and a well organized canvas to bring about the mood he wished to create. The actual interpretation of the action of *The Side Show* is left to the observer.

Cezanne, who was born in 1839, is considered by many as the greatest of all modern artists. His paintings have had a great influence in the style and technique used by the Cubist. His perception of geometrical and angular forms, his abandonment of perspective, and his fusing of foreground and background into an "active curtain of color" have been controversial issues among all modern painters. He has mastered the art of thinking in terms of abstraction. Almost all of his paintings are considered masterpieces. However, I feel that *Pines and Rocks*, one of his later paintings, is by far his greatest work of art. One can sense the decline of each pine tree behind the masses of rock. This depth was achieved, not through the use of perspective, but through the molding of masses.

Picasso, one of the greatest contemporary painters, has mastered the use of the cube, cone, sphere, and cylinder. He was born in Spain, but most of his creative work has been accomplished in Paris. His career is a thirty years' war in which the opposing forces of classical formalism and romantic feeling and of geometry and sentiment are alternately victorious, but always to the greater enrichment of the age in which we live. Picasso's work, which many would-be artists have tried to copy without success, has appeared in almost every modern art exhibit since the beginning of Cubism. Almost every one of his paintings is a masterpiece. His early work was influenced by Negro-sculpture and the work of Cezanne. His paintings have since progressed through various stages of Cubism. Today, his objects are so abstract as to seem nearer geometry than representation. One of his most interesting paintings is called *Violin*. At first glance, the observer will have a difficult time visualizing even the presence of a violin, but after careful study the subject becomes apparent. Picasso has broken *Violin* into rectangles and cubes and has woven a pattern of mystery and intrigue around the bare elements of the violin. The effect obtained is superb and fascinating.

The work of Seurat, Cezanne, and Picasso acted, not only as a stimulant for the advancement of modern art, but as a stimulant for the advancement of mankind. The work of these artists has affected the lives of their contemporaries. At one time art was considered "dead" by many people. They claimed that everything that could be done had been done. This theory was disproved by the modern artists. They refused to accept it, and, as a result, a door to a new world was opened. To illustrate that art is not dead,

let us examine the work of two artists. One imitates what he sees; the other paints what he feels. The scene of the two paintings is the "Battle of Dunkirk." The first artist, leaving nothing to the imagination, has painted photographically. In the lower right hand corner there are swarms of British troops waiting to be evacuated. In the foreground are ships departing for England, and in the background is a haze of black smoke. One can hardly tell from looking at this painting that it represents one of the crucial moments of the war. The second artist did not imitate a single scene from the battle; however, his painting captures the significance of "Dunkirk." One can feel the suffering and the agony that the people went through, yet no real figures appear in the painting. The artist has used an ancient symbol of torture and pain, the ball and chain, to bring about this effect. He has shown heaps of metal and wreckage thrown on top of the mangled bodies of people.

The tendency of modern art, merely to hint to the observer and force him to think in order to interpret the message contained in each painting, is one of the important contributions of art to progress. Man can advance only through thinking.

Modern art has influenced the surroundings of the people of this decade. The artist's search for a "new conception of space" has been responsible for the hidden feelings behind contemporary architecture. If one examines contemporary architecture with a critical eye, he will find traces of the ideas conveyed by the modern artist. The breaking up of mass, the repetition of vertical and horizontal planes, and the horizontal rows of windows, all of which prevail in modern architecture, have been evident in contemporary art since its inauguration.

Modern art is still in its infancy. The artist of today has barely scratched the surface of an art that has already contributed a quality of beauty and a new attitude toward reality to this world. The next fifty years offer a challenge to the artist and to the public who must accept any art before it can become meaningful.

* * * *

As soon as the light changes, a great horde of traffic surges eagerly forward to fill the street with streetcars, roaring busses, and honking automobiles. On an adjacent corner an accumulated pool of people spills over the curb to cross the street and dissolve on the other side into a steady stream of a million lives. The incessant shuffle and babble of the crowd generates a feeling of excitement which is echoed and reflected by impatient horns and flashing neon signs. Sheer walls and awesome grey heights of towering buildings add a sense of grandeur to the scene and distinguish it as a part of a strange and wonderful world of constant commotion.

—CARL JOHNSEN, 102.

The Barbershop

ELMER R. SWITZER

Rhetoric 101, Theme 6

WITH MY HAND ON THE DOOR LATCH OF THE BARBERSHOP, I hesitated. I needed a haircut for Thanksgiving Day, but the temperature was near zero, and a cold wind was blowing flurries of snow across the deserted sidewalk. I thought of my bare ears in this howling wind. Surely this was no weather in which to be getting a haircut. Still, I had needed one for the past week and was beginning to look rather shaggy about the ears. The warm cheerful appearance of the shop drew me inside.

The barber interrupted his conversation long enough to tell me hello. He was a large bald man who wore thick spectacles. He smiled easily and often, but he was not smiling now. He was talking about his son in Korea. I listened as I took off my coat and found a seat by the stove. On the preceding day the barber had received a letter from his son. The son was all right but was very tired of Korea and anxious to come home.

Two men were sitting near the stove waiting their turn for the barber chair. The stove was very hot, and I moved away from it.

The customers were all silent while the barber talked about his son. Later the talk shifted to football. The man in the barber chair and another customer began arguing about the outcome of the Indiana-Purdue game that was scheduled for the coming week end. These men must have been good friends, for they said bitter things to one another yet were not angry.

After a while the argument became less heated, and the barber changed the subject by asking another waiting customer something about an accident. I soon learned that it was an automobile accident in which the customer had been involved. The customer said the accident had been the fault of the other driver although the police had not agreed with him. This man and the barber talked for several minutes about insurance companies, garages, hospitals, and policemen, and we all listened. I did not understand all that the customer said. Although he spoke slowly, he had difficulty enunciating certain words. Later he explained that he had bitten his tongue in the automobile collision, and several stitches had been required to close the wound.

The conversation was interrupted by the entrance of a man and woman into the shop. The man had come to get a haircut and had brought his wife along. The conversation in the shop was not resumed. The barber greeted them both very politely, and the seated man glanced around nervously to see that they had seats together. The barbershop became very quiet. The snip of the barber's scissors and the ticking of a battered old alarm clock were the only sounds heard in the room.

The lady was reading a magazine. She was quite unaware that she had invaded a male stronghold; however, the men in the shop were well aware of her presence. The free and easy conversation was gone. There was no further talk of football, soldiers, Korea, or automobile accidents. Men said only what they had to say and were very careful of their language. When the barber had finished cutting my hair, I paid him and departed. The barbershop did not seem so bright and cheerful as it had when I had entered. I did not notice the cold wind for a moment. I was wondering if there would ever be a soprano in a barbershop quartet.

Over the Hills and Through The Woods

CAROLINE CRAMER

Rhetoric 101, Theme 6

AFTER MY FATHER'S FAMILY HAD INCREASED FROM ONE bouncing baby boy to two husky, red-headed, freckled future football tackles and two equally husky, red-headed, and freckled daughters, all of whose stamina and inexplicable ability to get into difficulties was the marvel of the town, dad and mother decided that only on a quiet, secluded farm would they stand the remotest chance of raising their brood without seriously affecting their own emotional stability.

My father chose our farm wisely, for, though its wooded hills and winding creeks are admittedly more charming than practical, we children loved every useless foot of it. Mother must have, too, because every time dad suggested cutting any of the towering, graceful sycamores or oaks to make more farm land, my mother tossed her head in disdain and scathingly observed that "a thing of beauty is a joy forever". Father never cared to argue the point, and the trees still provide beauty for our souls rather than bounty for our pockets.

We moved to the farm one fall, and when spring came, we all declared that everything we had heard about the quiet, the peace, the beauty of the country was true. At that point, however, an ostensibly innocuous development which was to become the bane of our lives showed itself; our relatives, both far and near, *also* learned of the quiet, the peace, and the beauty of our farm. They were not slow in taking advantage of so splendid an opportunity, and, from Chicago and Ft. Worth, from California and New York, they converged upon us that summer to "enjoy our vacation with you adorable people" (which meant, of course, to enjoy our vacation on your *adorable* farm). And, of course, they brought their children, all of them.

I don't know how the legend got started, but there seems to be a standard list of pleasures which every true city lad or lassie feels is *The Thing* as far as country children go, and which must, therefore, be *The Thing* with him when he is on a farm. Our exuberant little guests were determined to con-

form to this myth to the letter, and my brothers, my sister, and I fell in line with the plan of events rather than expose our ignorance concerning the ingenious activities which our kinfolk firmly believed made up the greater part of our daily lives. We found ourselves getting up with the chickens to start a long, grueling day of riding bareback on horses which were quite obviously meant for pulling log wagons, chasing up and down through the woods in search of trails and treasures that we knew darned well weren't there, and "riding down" hickory saplings until both we and the trees were in shreds; and all of these endurance tests were interspersed liberally with that chief delight of the city visitor—egg-gathering. All the cousins who charmed us with their visits seemed possessed by a mania for gathering eggs, and my brothers' and my valiant attempts to cure them of it were in vain. Even the radical treatment of inducing them to stick a nail into a rotten egg left them, after the odor had cleared away, quite as egg-loving as ever. What could we do in the face of such perseverance? After this failure, we didn't even try to discourage them from milking although the cows would have loved us dearly, I am sure, had we succeeded in doing it.

The thing which left us absolutely cold, however, was my cousins' insisting, in defiance of the warm bathroom and tub which waited invitingly in the house, that when one is on a farm one always bathes in the creek. Dutiful to the end, we went along with even this trial, but our very souls rebelled, and I shiver now to think of it.

Summer after summer of these gala, refreshing visits were beginning to leave their mark on our once carefree family. Then, with the purchase of a lovely new car a year ago, my mother announced triumphantly that she saw revenge—now *we* could visit *them*! The family rejoiced, and plans for a trip that very fall were gleefully begun. Our joy, however, died an early death; the next mail brought an announcement that the very family we had planned to descend upon had been granted an extra week of vacation. "So," the letter read, "since farmers are always home, we aren't even asking you! We're just coming up this fall for a lovely week of quail-hunting on your farm! Hope you don't mind." We didn't, of course—not at all!

* * *

From the first moment, I knew it was going to be one of the "singing" days. The early sun, streaming through half-open windows, fell in geometric patterns across Grandmother's best Rose of Sharon quilt. In the garden below, Grandmother was already picking beans; the wings of her faded sun-bonnet rhythmically flapped and swayed as she moved up and down the rows. The chickens in the yard beyond were busily scratching and clucking while sounds of whistling and briskly-slammed doors drifted across from the barn.

Eager not to miss any part of the day, I skipped down the steep, dark stairwell and burst into the kitchen. No other place ever held the magic of Grandmother's kitchen, so bright and cheerful, filled with tantalizing fragrances. What better place for a taffy pull or puffy, homemade doughnuts? Who could estimate the number of meals that had come out of the enormous old cookstove or the families of chickens fostered between the chimney and the woodpile?

MARY ALICE ROSER, 102.

Fields Open For Chemical Engineers

BEN WATSON

Rhetoric 100, Theme 6

THE USEFULNESS OF CHEMICAL ENGINEERS IS BECOMING more obvious with each new discovery in the realm of chemical research. The chemical engineer is finding that his profession is of a highly practical value to humanity. A miracle drug is worthless to the public unless a process for manufacturing it cheaply is developed. It is the task of the chemical engineer to reduce the prohibitive cost of laboratory curiosities to a level that permits their use by ordinary individuals.

Because of the intense research now being carried on in regard to synthesifying the highly complex and, so far, elusive protein molecule, a vast new field will be opened to chemical engineers in the near future. Once a process for forming a synthetic protein has been discovered, the entire field of vitamin research and therapy will be greatly advanced; to meet this rapid advance, chemical engineers must be able to develop new methods for manufacturing these compounds. Because chemists readily admit the existence of many hitherto undiscovered vitamins and because doctors are inclined to believe that their discovery will enable vitamin therapy to be expanded, chemical engineers will be faced with the responsibility of manufacturing vitamins in quantities sufficient to meet all medical demands.

Within the last ten years, the manufacturing of antibiotics has become a major part of the business of pharmaceutical concerns. The discovery of the anti-histamines has created a demand for mass production on a quantitative level. Such companies as Abbott Laboratories and Chas. Pfinger and Co. have expanded their facilities to include the recent advances made in the field of bactericidal agents. Every such expansion has of necessity provided more and more jobs for chemical engineers. Along with bactericidal agents, most firms usually produce fungicides in order to keep up with the ever-increasing demands made by our armed forces.

The DuPonts of Delaware have been pioneers in the development and subsequent mass production of synthetics of all types. During the war their chemical engineers were largely responsible for providing synthetic rubber at a time when the need of it was critical. And, of course, it is a well-known fact that nylon (the material used in parachutes and stocking) was discovered by the DuPonts. And before they gave us nylon, we had already become accustomed to rayon. The possibilities in the field of synthetics are unlimited.

The young and energetic chemical engineer can find a score of other fields in which to test his capabilities. The dye industry, water sanitation, electroplating, dehydration of food products, and, of course, atomic energy, are but a few of the vast territories which lie open to improvement by men in this profession.

From the Past

ANN LANKFORD

Rhetoric 101, Theme 11

IT IS STRANGE HOW THE MIND CAN MOVE BACKWARD into time and brush aside the curtain of the past just long enough to catch a glimpse of people and events left far behind. Life and body can go only forward, but the mind, less hampered by the inevitable rules of existence, can creep back for a little space to relive what can never actually be relived again. The past is dead, yet it exists always in a body of memories which lie on the mind and grow heavier with the years, commanding more and more attention as the future dwindles before it. Old people are burdened heavily with these memories, but even the young sometimes slip back into the far past, their memories like planets of dim light in a dark universe of forgotten things.

I remember my mother by a series of incidents, hazy and dim, as if they were seen through a cloudy mirror, yet strangely vivid somehow, slipping one into the next, like movie slides in a dark room.

Sometimes the few memories a person has of his earliest years are among his most vivid, for a young, pliable mind is easiest to impress. Because my mother died when I was eight, my only memories of her are in these first, impressionable years. I don't remember her clearly; I did not know then that I would have to depend on memories to know her. I remember only a gentleness that enveloped and protected me in my first eight years and a presence that made home a place of security and warmth. I also remember a face bending over me one night as my mother tucked me into bed—a face containing something which I couldn't understand but which impressed me deeply. And I recall my own voice saying seriously, "You know, Mother, you aren't pretty, but I love you very much." I can still see the surprise in her eyes, and I was suddenly afraid for I had meant to say something quite different, and it hadn't come out right at all. Then she laughed and, dropping the covers, ran out into the living room to tell my father with wry humor "what this child of mine said about me." But I just lay there stunned, for I hadn't meant to hurt her, and I couldn't understand what had made me blurt out such a thing. I know now that the something in her face that had puzzled me was pain and a little weariness, for she was ill even then. I hadn't known enough to recognize it as such and so had thought its unnaturalness was ugliness.

This growing, nagging illness of my mother's finally culminated in her going to the hospital for an operation. I had been carefully prepared ahead of time for her absence, but as she stood in the doorway in her hat and coat,

I was suddenly stricken with a sense of fear and loneliness. I burst loudly into hot, wet tears, and my mother came over quickly and held me, answering my pleas that she mustn't go by saying that she would be home in time for my birthday. This comforted me a little until I caught, in an unguarded moment, a glimpse of something like uncertainty in her eyes. Doubt and fear overwhelmed me again, and my parents finally had to leave me to end my rain of tears on the knees of the housekeeper.

But children, sometimes in unconscious thoughtlessness, easily forget, and the next few days passed quickly as I played with my friends and was reassured by my father's remarks as he came home each day from the hospital. Then came the day of the operation, and my father didn't come home at noon as usual. Late in the afternoon, as I sat on the front sidewalk with the kindergarten set of the neighborhood, my father drove into the driveway and got out of the car. I started to call to him and then stopped abruptly, for there was a look on his face I'd never seen there before. His mouth was compressed into a thin line, and his eyes were wells of blindness. He passed swiftly into the house with me stumbling after him. The next I remember was his voice telling me that "my mother was gone," and I recall my bewilderment at the simple phrase, for I didn't know what he meant. When I finally understood, there was even more bewilderment and a bottomless disbelief, as if to accept the truth would be to fall down into darkness. I looked around in my daze of unreality to find something familiar at which to grasp, and I saw, pressed against the screen door, the faces of my playmates, looking in—wide-eyed and staring—like idiots, I thought. They sickened me and I hated them as intruders, and I turned my back on them in my hate. Then I saw the housekeeper standing by helplessly, but I did not hate her; for I saw understanding in her eyes, and I knew she pitied us.

This saving sense of unreality did not leave me for a long time; it stayed as a fragile veil between me and the people coming and going in the house at all hours. It stayed until right before the funeral when the whole family was standing in the hall at home, ready to leave for church. As we waited there, my nine-year-old cousin with whom I had always quarreled, turned and looked at me with pity and almost tenderness, and said with awful simplicity, "Oh, Ann, now you have no mother!" Suddenly, the world seemed to drop from under me, and there was only a whirl of light and sound and a numb feeling of too much pain.

Of the funeral itself, I remember only the terrible grief of my family and the rows of staring faces as we walked slowly up the endless aisle of the church. There were eyes on all sides, curious, staring eyes, intruding in the private grief of my family, looking at my father and grandfather and the pitifulness of their men's tears. I remember too the outward strength of my grandmother and aunt, a strength which made the grief of the men even more terrible.

Long afterward, I can remember coming in from my play and seeing my grandfather crying in great, racking sobs that horrified me with their intensity. Although most outward signs of grief were carefully hidden from me, the inward grief of my family hung over us always like a dark cloud. This sorrow was all the more shocking to me, because, either through a child's lack of understanding or his strange wisdom, I accepted my mother's death calmly. I was lonely and hurt and insecure, but still, somehow, I could accept what had happened without frenzy or resentment. Perhaps it was because in death, my mother seemed to me as peaceful and as gentle as in life.

Gradually, though, and painfully, I have seen my family come out from under the shadow of my mother's death. This is perhaps the last of my memories connected with my mother, and together, they all form one great, searing memory of the event that split my life in two at that point. My mother's death gave me a feeling of insecurity and loneliness, two emotions which I had never felt before but which I have felt many times since. But it left me also a remembrance, lovely and delicate in its gentleness and peacefulness—the memory of my mother.

Pretty Baby

JEAN CROWLEY

Rhetoric 101, Theme 11

I HAVE ALWAYS BEEN FOND OF DOGS, AND I WAS CERTAINLY crazy about Jap. Even when the baby came I spent more time with Jap than I did helping my mother. I didn't want a brother anyway, and besides, what can you play with a baby? Maybe I felt left out when people came to admire him and say what a pretty child he was. But there was one good thing; Jap didn't really like him either. The dog never even counted him. Jap had a habit of looking for everyone before going to sleep at night, and if someone wasn't around he stayed in the front hall until that someone came home. Jap never looked for the baby. He didn't count.

It happened when my brother was about six months old and just crawling around on the floor; Jap saw him there and jumped at him. Mother pulled Jap off but not until he had bitten my brother. The blood trickled out of the tiny tooth marks and seemed to cover the child's entire face.

I guess Jap understood what he had done for he slumped off to hide. And I went with him. Jap had bitten my brother, but I had the strangest feeling that I might have done it myself.

It's funny, but I never could play with Jap in the same way after that day.

The V-Mail Letter

EMIL MALAVOLTI

Rhetoric 101, Theme 1

HUGE GUNS, HUGE SHIPS, HUGE PLANES—THESE AND a hundred more clanking, groaning monsters exemplify modern warfare. By contrast, let us consider the tiny V-mail letter.

The need for an improvement in the handling of mail was apparent immediately after our entry into World War II. The volume of mail reached staggering heights even before our troops were sent overseas. With the advent of global warfare and the dispatch of our troops to every corner of the world, the number of letters increased to incredible proportions.

For conquering the vast distances involved in global warfare, the ordinary steamship was hopelessly inadequate. Inherently slow, the steamship was further handicapped by the convoy system, which reduced the speed of all ships to that of the slowest. Under these conditions an average of two hundred miles a day was considered excellent speed. An ancient clipper ship, given a fair wind, could beat that average by fifty percent!

Much mail was lost because of the vulnerability of the surface ship to underwater attack. Fast enemy submarines took an appalling toll of ships before the undersea menace was controlled.

Confronted by the triple evils of vast distances, of slow transportation, and of the enormous amount of mail being delivered to Davy Jones's locker, the military postal service applied the newly developed art of microphotography to letters. The result was V-mail.

In this process, letters were written on a sheet of special paper in the form of a self-sealing envelope. These letters were then taken to a convenient local military base where they were opened and speedily microphotographed on sixteen millimeter film. A few special techniques had to be mastered but essentially the procedure was simple. A conveyor brought the opened letters under the camera to be photographed, the film was developed and wound on reels, and in this form the letters were ready for shipment.

Since eighty-five thousand letters, weighing about a ton, could be processed on twenty pounds of film, the transportation problem simply disappeared. A single transport plane could easily carry the equivalent of several million letters and effect delivery with phenomenal speed. Loss of mail was avoided because the original letters were not destroyed until certification of delivery of the photo copies was received by the transmitting station.

Upon delivery to a receiving station, either in the States or near an active front, the process was reversed. Letter size enlargements were mailed in envelopes, differing in this respect from the original letter which was written on the inside of a self-sealing envelope.

The effect of V-mail upon the men in service was inestimable. Gone were the days when a letter from a loved one arrived six months late as was so often the case with ordinary mail. Because of V-mail, news from home was regular and on time.

My First Semester at the U. of I.

DOROTHY A. OLSON

Rhetoric 101, Theme 1

EVER SINCE MY SISTER GRADUATED FROM THE UNIVERSITY some six years ago, I have had definite plans concerning my future on the campus. Although my father did not agree that the U. of I. was the best school for me, he consented to let me come to Champaign-Urbana last fall for a trial run.

I cannot truthfully say that I have retained my high opinion of my home-state university through the course of the past five months. Repeated disillusionments have forced me into the admission that mass-production cannot be successfully employed in the field of education.

The emphasis placed upon grades at this school transforms most students into back-biting politicians, striving to out-cheat their fellow students. A freshman soon learns the futility of attempting to write an honest term paper when he must compete with those copied directly from reference books. Perhaps this condition exists because of the generally defeatist attitude among the instructors. I haven't had a teacher this semester who appeared to be honestly interested in the future of those sitting before him in the classroom. The majority of college teachers seem to agree that it is a thankless profession, particularly so in a state university when the state capital holds the purse strings.

I imagine there are many students who come to the U. of I. with high ambitions and hopes and leave in a semester or two with all their youthful vigor and integrity shattered. There is so little personal interest displayed by any instructor in the individual, it is small wonder that one feels lost in a world of man-eat-man competitiveness.

Several times during the past few months I have desired to talk to someone about some small happenings—a book, or lecture that interested me. Outside of a few close friends in my residence on campus, I have acquired no new friends with whom I would care to discuss the time of day. Perhaps this is my fault; perhaps I haven't looked in the right places for the personal side of college life. At any rate I will always feel as though I had wasted a fairly important five months of my college career here at the U. of I. I am looking forward to attending a small school next semester. I only hope I won't regret the step. Possibly I haven't given Illinois a fair trial, but I am afraid to remain and acquire the intellectual immaturity which flourishes in this campus atmosphere.

Long Hours

CARL KRUMHARDT

Rhetoric 101, Theme 11

IT WAS RAINING, AND THE DARKNESS AND RAIN MADE the station seemed isolated, a small island of light piercing the gloom of the highway. Because it was late, traffic was limited to single cars which whirled by with a glare of lights and a great scattering of water. Objects near the road became uniformly splashed with mud. The garage building itself looked dreary and rain-soaked.

Inside, Kelly leaned heavily on the window ledge and stared at the darkness. There was a little light in the room and Kelly's form blended into the shadows. The same grime that spotted his clothing was thick on the floor and on other objects about the room. There was always grease. He would scrape it from his garage uniform and hands, only to become quickly covered with the stuff again. He could feel it now, coating his fingers, thick under his nails. He hated it with a dull, unspecific hatred that took in all his surroundings and the boredom of his work. He sighed wearily, his breath immediately condensing on the rain-streaked glass. He turned his back to the window.

Across the room, warming thin hands over the radiator, was a man in a dripping raincoat. A soggy bowling ball case stood at his feet. He spoke—"Shouldn't have stopped here, Kelly; the wife is waiting for me. But I was so cold, I just had to." His voice droned on, thin and nasal. "I bowled a good game tonight. Almost 160. Fella down at the office told me I could'a been a pro if I'd wanted to. You ever go bowling, Kelly?"

Kelly disregarded the question and said vindictively, "You're lucky, George. You're lucky you don't have to work nights like me."

George stirred uncomfortably. Kelly had a reputation for unloading his troubles on anyone who would listen. George did not feel like listening to troubles. He had forgotten his overshoes that morning, and his feet were cold and wet. There was a long moment of silence. Then he spoke, somewhat hesitantly—"I suppose the time does go slow here at night," aware that this would lead Kelly on but unable to think of anything else to say.

Kelly snapped it up. "You're damn right it goes slow. Workin' nights, the hours seem twice as long as workin' days. Why . . ."

"Yeah, well listen, Kelly, I gotta get home. The wife is waiting for me. I'll see you soon."

George pulled his collar up and stepped out into the rain. Kelly watched him hurry through the bright circle of light and disappear. He thought of George going home to a warm house and became more acutely conscious of his own wetness. He shivered violently, making the cups on his boots

jingle. His body gratefully settled deep into the chair. He looked up at the clock and sighed again. One o'clock. Seven more hours to go.

"This is a lousy place to work," he mused aloud. His voice sounded dull and empty in the lonely room. Other little noises accentuated the stillness rather than disturbed it. The radiator clanked and hissed and gave off feeble heat. The electric clock made a small droning sound, a reminder of the slow passage of time. Outside, water from a broken gutter splashed on the window ledge. He looked away quickly. It was not good to look too often at the clock.

He had talked to the boss and had told him that his hours were too long. The boss had reacted as Kelly might have expected, sucking on his cigar for an uncomfortable moment before answering acidly, covering viciousness with a thin smile, "You don't do much work around here after I go home, so why should you get tired?" Kelly had been very angry, but he could do nothing but smile back weakly. The boss made Kelly feel insignificant and stupid.

Gradually, Kelly's mind wandered to other less disturbing things. Soon his head nodded to his chest, and he fell into a shallow sleep.

It was almost an hour later when a huge truck slid ponderously out of the darkness and stopped before the station. Its driver was exhausted. As soon as motion ceased, he slumped forward on the wheel and closed his eyes. His arms and hands ached from his long vigil at the wheel. He sat motionless for several minutes before the vibrations moving along the steering column reminded him that the motor was still running. He reached out and switched it off, sitting up in the same movement. He looked toward the station, realizing that no one had come to service his truck in the several minutes he had been there. Irritation flared in him. "I'll bet that bastard is asleep again." He reached for the cord that controls the air horn and jerked it savagely. The shrill blast tore at the driver's nerves as well as snapping Kelly into startled wakefulness.

Kelly rushed out of the station in such haste that he forgot his coat. The rain began to soak into his uniform. He turned back to get his coat but was stopped by the truck driver's weary voice, a tired voice, yet containing a note of sharpness and anger.

"Put some gas in my truck, you sleepin' moron."

"Wait'll I get my coat."

"Coat hell, put some gas in my truck." This spoken in unreasoning anger. "Put some gas in my truck or I'll go someplace else."

Kelly hesitated, torn between resentment of the driver's demands and the fear of the boss' anger at the loss of a customer. He gave in to resentment and went in for his coat. He was putting it on, his back to the window, when he heard the truck start with a roar. He spun around to see the huge vehicle move with increasing speed off the driveway, onto the road, and beyond

into the darkness of the highway. He could hear it for a time after he could no longer see it. The engine would build up speed until it sang with a high pitched whine and then cut suddenly as it dropped into a higher gear. Finally it was no longer audible. The little room lapsed back into its silence.

Kelly stood for a time at the window before sitting down again. He drew a cigarette from his crumpled pack, lit it, and puffed it slowly. The new wet that seeped to his shoulders and back met an inner coldness that said with a turbulent voice—what will the boss say—what will the boss say.

Kelly listened to the voice and the drone of the clock and the water splashing from the broken gutter. He slumped back in his chair. It was still a long time until morning.

The School

CAROL ANN HODGES

Rhetoric 102, Theme 12

ANNIE'S MOTHER SHOOED HER OUT OF THE DOOR AT 7:30 in the morning to start the mile-walk to school. It was one of the warm sweet days in early May, and so she wore no wraps except a little navy blue sweater and high buckle galoshes that reached half way to her bony, band-aided knees. One hand lugged a black metal lunch bucket, heavy with its burden of sandwiches and fruit, cookies and milk.

She walked on the wooden planks, laid like bridges through the back yard puddles, around to the fresh green grass in front. Annie picked the grassy places to walk. The heavy boots retarded her steps enough when they were clean; when loaded with clay they could bring her to a standstill. She followed the bank of the road with its cover of new green sprouts creeping up beside the stiff, tan stubble of last fall. And then came the slope, the Dog-Tooth Violet Hill she'd named it, with the small, hand-high lilies nodding on juicy stalks. She squatted down and began picking them. A bee crawled out of one near by, his legs heavy with pollen. Annie watched as he balanced on the edge of a petal and then launched himself into the air and zigzagged away. She imagined she too was no bigger than that as she gazed into the center of the flower, pretending that in reality she was walking around in there.

After a while she got up, picked up her bucket and went on down the hill. At the bottom was a little creek, not more than a foot deep, and she began wading in very carefully so as not to muddy up the water. Then she noticed how new and shiny her boots looked when they got wet, so she waded in deeper, trying to get them wet all over. Once or twice the water ran over the tops, but the results had been obtained, and she stepped out on the other bank and admired the glossy finish.

Then Annie saw the turtle. He was plodding his way up the side of the hill. She ran up after him. Putting down the lunch pail and the flowers, she began to crawl along beside the turtle, stroking his back with a stubby finger. This made the turtle pull in his parts. She waited. Out came a beak, then the left foot, then the right, quickly followed by the hind feet. Last of all came the tail. Annie tried to take hold of it. She thought it was a very cute little tail, pointy and slender, but every time she touched it he swung it sidewise and under the edge of his shell. She turned him over. "Now you can't run away, turtle," she said. But much to her surprise he put his head out very far and pushed it hard against the ground, hard enough to rock himself back and forth and finally to flip right over. "Well," she said, "Charlie wasn't right. He said turtles drowned if you left them upside down in the rain cause they couldn't turn over." She turned the turtle on his back again and watched him repeat his performance. She would have to take him to school and show Charlie. She put the flowers in the lunch bucket and, picking up the turtle, started off again.

When she came to the big creek, she had to slide down off the bank and into the road to cross on the bridge. The ruts had turned into miniature rivers, winding slowly in places, quickening as they split on either side of clods, making islands, falling in muddy cascades. She stood and daydreamed, straddling one of the ruts. She imagined she was a giant and this was a huge river. She dammed the river with her foot, and the water eddied and swirled into the hole it left. She crossed the bridge, stomping the clay off her boots.

Turning onto the oiled road leading up to the school house, she found a toad that had been run over by a car and pressed flat as a paper doll. She took a stick and poked at a front foot. It was like a little hand with five fingers. The long back legs were stretched out behind, half again as long as his body. She felt very sorry for the poor toad and thought people should honk or something so that toads could get out of the way. But then she saw her turtle crawling away, so she jumped up and caught it and went on to school.

There was no one in the yard when she got there, but when she went into the hall she could hear someone reading aloud in the classroom. She kicked off her boots and put her bucket on the shelf. Then she decided to put the turtle out by the steps. He couldn't go too far away before recess. She quietly tip-toed into the classroom, but the teacher saw her.

"You're a little late today aren't you?" asked the teacher. "Were you playing on the way again?"

"No, Ma'm."

"Well, you missed your reading lesson. You'd better study it now, and I'll listen to you read at recess."

Annie sat down to read, but her eyes saw far beyond the reading lesson. Mentally she scolded herself; this wasn't the way to learn anything. You earned out of books.

Rhet as Writ

"When hunting, the gun was accurate enough to shoot crows, and light enough to follow a rabbit."

* * *

"She was in love with the leader of the mountain gorillas."

* * *

"The plot . . . reminds me of some of the stories told me by the gorillas in the Philippine Islands."

* * *

"In this plant he makes ice cream from the milk of his own cattle and a few picked dairymen."

* * *

"A girl applying for a job should be cool, calm, and collective."

* * *

"Apollo angered by the way Chryse was treated descended and reeked havoc among the Greeks."

* * *

"Without having to think very hard, I turned and started for the nearest exit, only to catch my big toe in my left pajama leg, falling flat on my face and ripping it up to my knee."

* * *

"A person shouldn't hug or kiss when meeting, a friendly handshake—that is nearly as effective."

* * *

"This little tail has caused me no end of embarrassment."

* * *

"During this period the lovers found refuge in the newly built movie houses."

* * *

"The cornfields mentioned in the title came in after the food was eaten."